

All in the Right.

A NEW SONG.

Thro' life as we wander, what changes we find!
What diff'rent complexions of faces and mind!
Here one lives by honesty, t'other by flight;
But happy is he who is all in the Right.

'Tis interest sways all, from the king to the clown;
Prompts to fight the red coat, and preach the blackgown.
Makes the patriot sincere, and the courtier polite;
And who can deny but they're all in the right?

Physicians and lawyers, so eager for fees,
Both trim all the world with a great deal of ease;
The tradesmen can, too, fling a veil o'er our sight;
'Tis method of business—they're all in the right.

If the husband will wander and rove from his dear,
Design'd, (heaven bless us!) to comfort him here;
Shou'd his spouse make reprisals her loss to requite,
Or cuckold him for it—she's all in the right.

The lover who seeks his sweet charmer to get,
Vows, flatters, and sighs, and is all in a fret;
Yet, if softly complying, the nymph he gets by't,
All Lovers must say he is sure in the right.

Great George our Monarch thought proper to wed,
And take Princess Charlotte to court and to bed;
She with him, he with her, center mutual delight;
May their progeny prove they are all in the right.

Now if all were but right, there'd be none in the wrong;
So now to conclude with this very right song,
Pray accept of my thanks for your comp'ny this night;
Approve of my song and I'm all in the right.